

# THE REPUBLICAN.

BY W. B. GULICK

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## The Worship of Nature.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 't were a living thing;  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipp'g.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee;  
A beautiful and tireless band—  
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasures out  
Which in the deep have birth;  
And chant their awful hymns about  
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
From every mountain shrine—  
From every flower and dewy cup  
That greeth the sun-shine.

The mists are lifted from the hills,  
Like the white wing of prayer;  
They lean above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly east  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As in a prayerful spirit pass'd  
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,  
E'en as repentant love;  
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurled,  
They fade in light above.

The sky is a temple's arch—  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,  
The many stars are given,  
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—  
The altar-fires of Heaven!

## THE BLUE DRAGON.

An Extraordinary Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

Concluded.

If these confessions were to be trusted, the dragon and his family seemed exculpated from any actual participation in the robbery. Still, there were circumstances which these confessions did not clear up, some grave points of doubt remained unexplained. That the carpenter had himself pledged the silver plate with the wood merchant, without having received it from Nicholas, was now likely enough; he had accused him, probably, only to screen himself. But how came Nicholas' handwriting to be found by the side of the hedge? How came the excuse receipt, which belong to him to be used as a match by the thieves? The carpenter and his comrades declared that as to these facts they knew nothing; and as they had no inclination to conceal the truth, there could be no reasonable doubt that their statement might, in these particulars, be depended upon.

The suspicion again arose that other accomplices must be concerned in the affair; and the subject of the letter from the corporal who had deserted, became anew the subject of attention. If not written by himself, it might have been written by another at his suggestion, and in no way or other it might have a connection with the mysterious subject of the robbery.

In fact, while the proceedings against the carpenter and his associates were in progress, an incident occurred, which could not fail to awaken curiosity and attention with regard to this letter. The schoolmaster of a village about a league from the town presented him self before the authorities, exhibiting a scrap of paper on which nothing appeared but the name Josiah Christian Rubler, and inquired whether, shortly before, a letter in this handwriting, and subscribed with this name, had not been transmitted to the court? On comparing the handwriting of the letter with the paper exhibited by the schoolmaster, it was unquestionable that both were the production of the same hand.

The statement made by the schoolmaster was this:

In the village where he resided, there was a deaf and dumb young man, named Henry Hechtung, who had been sent by the parish to the schoolmaster for board and education. He had succeeded in imparting to the unfortunate youth the art of writing—so perfectly, in fact, that he could communicate with any one by means of a slate and slate-pencil which he always carried about with him. He also wrote so far a hand, that he was employed by many persons, and even sometimes by the authorities, to transcribe or copy writings for them. Some time before, an unknown person had appeared in the village, had inquired after the deaf and dumb young man in the schoolmaster's absence, and had taken him with him to the school to write out something for him. The unknown had called for a private room, ordered a bottle of wine, and by means of the slate, gave him to understand that he wanted him to make a clean copy of the draft of a letter which he produced. Hechtung did so at once without suspicion. Still, the contents of the letter appeared to him of a peculiar and questionable kind, and the whole demeanor of the stranger evinced restlessness and anxiety. When he came, however, to add the address of the letter, "To Herr Van der R., Burg-master of M.," he hesitated to do so, and yielded only to the pressing entreaties of the stranger, who paid him a golden for his trouble, requesting him to preserve strict silence as to the whole affair.

The deaf and dumb young man, when he began to reflect on the matter, felt more and more convinced that he had unconsciously been made a party to some illegal transaction. He at last confessed the whole to his instructor, who at once perceived that there existed a close connection between the incident which had occurred and the criminal procedure in

the noted case of the robbery. The letter of the corporal had already got in circulation in the neighborhood, and was plainly the one which his pupil had been employed to copy. The schoolmaster, at his own hand, set on foot a small preliminary inquiry. He hastened to the inn-keeper of the village inn, and asked him if he could recollect the stranger who some days before had ordered a private room and a bottle of wine, and who had been for some time shut up with the deaf and dumb lad. The host remembered the circumstance, but did not know the man. His wife, however, recollected that she had seen him talking on terms of cordial familiarity with the corn miller, Overblink, as he was resting at the inn with his carts. The schoolmaster repaired on the spot to Overblink, inquired who was the man with whom he had conversed and shaken hands some days before at the inn; and the miller, without much hesitation, answered, that he remembered the day, the circumstances, and the man, very well; and that the latter was his old acquaintance, the baker, H. from the town. The schoolmaster hastened to lay these particulars before the authorities.

How, then, was the well-known baker, H., implicated in this affair, which seemed gradually to be expanding itself so strangely? The facts as to the robbery itself seemed exhausted by the confessions of the carpenter and his associates. They alone had broken into the house—they alone had carried off and appropriated the stolen articles. And yet, if the baker was entirely unconnected with the matter, what could be his motive for mixing himself up with the transaction, and writing letters, as to avert suspicion from those who had been first accused? Was his motive simply compassion? Was he aware of the real circumstances of the crime, and its true perpetrators? Did he know that the Blue Dragon was innocent? But if so, why employ this mysterious and circuitous mode of assisting him? Why resort to this anxious precaution of employing a deaf and dumb lad as his amanuensis? Why such signs of restlessness and apprehension—such anxious injunctions of silence? Plainly the baker was not entirely innocent: this was the conviction left on the minds of the judges for it was now recollected that this baker was the same person who on the morning when the robbery was detected, had contrived to make his way into the house along with the officers of justice. It was he who had lifted from the ground the match containing the half burnt receipt, and handed it to the officers present. His excessive zeal had even attracted attention before. Had he, then, broken into the house independently of the carpenter? Had he, too, committed a robbery—and was he agitated by the fear of its detection? But all the stolen articles had been recovered, and all of them had been found with the carpenter. The mystery, for the moment, seemed only increased; but it was about to be cleared up in a way wonderful enough, but entirely satisfactory.

While the schoolmaster and the miller, Overblink, were detained at the council chamber, the baker, H., was taken into custody. A long and circumstantial confession was the result, to the particulars of which we shall immediately advert. From his disclosures, a warrant was also issued for the apprehension of the spinner, Leendert Van N., and his wife—the same who had at first circulated the reports and suspicions against the dragon, and who had afterwards given such plausible, and, as it appeared, such frank and sincere information against him before the court. Both had taken the opportunity of making off; but the pursuit of justice was successful—before evening they were brought back and committed to prison.

The criminal procedure now proceeded rapidly to a close, but it related to a quite different matter from the robbery. This third association of culprits, it appeared, had as little to do with the carpenter and his comrades, as these had with the dragon and his inmates. But for the house-breaking, in which the persons last arrested had no share, the real crime in which they were concerned would, in all human probability, never have been brought to light.

The following disclosures were the result of the confession of the guilty, and of the other witnesses who were examined.

On the evening of the 29th June, there were assembled, in the low and dirty chamber of the wool-spinner, Leendert Van N., a party of card-players. It has already been mentioned that this quarter of the town was in a great measure inhabited by the disreputable portion of the public—only a few houses, like those of Madame Andrecht, being occupied by the better classes. The gamblers were the Corporal Rubler, of the company of Le Ley, then lying in garrison at the place, the master baker, H., and the host himself, Leendert Van N. The party were all old acquaintances; they hated and despised each other, but a community of interests and pursuits drew them together.

The baker and corporal had been long acquainted; the former baked the bread for the garrison company, the latter had the charge of receiving it from him. The corporal had soon detected various frauds committed by the baker, and gave the baker the choice of denouncing them to the commanding officer, or sharing with them the profits of the fraud. The baker naturally chose the latter, but hated the corporal as much as he feared him; while the latter made him continually feel how completely he considered him in his power.

A still deadlier enmity existed between the corporal and the wool-spinner and his wife. The latter had formerly supplied the garrison with gaiters and other articles of clothing, and he had reason to believe that the corporal had been the means of depriving him of his commission, by which he had suffered materially. But the corporal had still a good deal in his power; he might be the means of procuring other orders, and it was necessary, therefore, to suppress any appearance of irritation, and even to appear to court his favor.

Such an association as that which subsisted among these comrades, where each hates and suspects the other, and nothing but the tie of common interest unites them, can never be of

long duration. The moment is sure to arrive when the spark falls upon the mine which has been long prepared, and the explosion takes place, the more fearful the longer it has been delayed.

These worthy associates were playing cards on the evening above mentioned. They quarrelled; and the quarrel became more and more embittered. The long suppressed hatred on the part of the baker and the wool-spinner burst forth. The corporal retorted in terms equally offensive; he applied to them the epithets which they deserved. From words they proceeded to blows, and deadly weapons were laid hold of on both sides.

But two male foes and a female fury, arrayed on one side, were too much even for a soldier. The corporal, sized and pinioned from behind by the woman, fell under the blows of the wool-spinner. As yet the baker had rather bounced on the others than actually interfered in the scuffle; but when the corporal, stretched on the ground, and his head bleeding from a blow on the corner of the table, which he had received in falling, began to utter loud curses against them, and to threaten them all with public exposure—particularly that detestable scoundrel, the baker. The latter, prompted either by fear or hatred, whispered to the wool-spinner and his wife that now was the time to make an end of him at once; and that if they did not, they were ruined.

The deadly counsel was adopted; they fell upon the corporal; with a few blows life was extinct; the corpse, all swimming in blood, lay at their feet. The deed was irrevocable; all three had shared in it; all were alike guilty, and had the same reason to tremble at the terrors of the law. With the body still warm at their feet, they entered into a solemn mutual engagement to be true to each other; to preserve inviolable secrecy as to the crime; and to extinguish, so far as in them lay, every trace of its commission.

On the night of the murder, they had devised no plan for washing on the blood, and removing the body, which of course required to be disposed of, so that the disposition of Rubler might cause no suspicion. The terrors of conscience, and the apprehension of the consequences of their crime, had too completely occupied their minds for the moment. The next morning, however, they met at the wool-spinner's house to arrange their plans. Suddenly a noise was heard in the street—it was the commotion caused by the news of the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. The culprits stood pale and confounded.

What was more probable than that an immediate search in pursuit of the robbers, or of the stolen articles, would take place into every house of this suspicious and disreputable quarter. The wool-spinner's house was next to that which had been robbed; the floor was at that moment wet with blood; the body of the murdered corporal lay in the cellar. Immediate measures must be resorted to, to stop the apprehended search, till time could be found for removing the body.

The object, then, was to give to the authorities such hints as should induce them to pass over the house of the baker and wool-spinner. The wool-spinner's wife had the merit of devising the infernal project which occurred to them. The Blue Dragon was to be the victim. A robbery had taken place. Why might it not have been the criminal? He had often scalded the hedge—had often entered the house at night during his courtship. But then a corroborating circumstance might be required to ground the suspicion. It was supplied by the possession of a hand-knife which he had accidentally dropped in her house, and which she had not thought it necessary to restore to him. It might be placed in any spot they thought fit, and the first links in the chain of suspicion were clear.

The invention of the baker came to the aid of the wool-spinner's wife. One token was not enough; a second proof of the presence of the dragon in Madame Andrecht's house must be devised. The baker had, one day, been concluding a bargain with a peasant before the house of the dragon. He required a bit of paper to make a calculation, and asked the host for some, who handed him an old excuse permit, telling him to make his calculations on that. This scrap of paper, which still had in his pocket-book. This would undoubtedly corroborate the dragon. But then it bore the name and handwriting of the baker on the back. This portion of it was accordingly burnt; the date and signature of the excuse officer were enough for the diabolical purpose it was intended to effect. It was rolled up into a match, and deposited by the baker (who, as already said, had contrived to make his way along with the police into the house) upon the floor, where he pretended to find it, and delivered it to the authorities.

The machinations of these wretches were unconsciously assisted by those of the carpenter and his confederates. The suspicion which the hand-knife and the match had originated, the finding of the pocket-book within the house of the dragon appeared to confirm and complete—an accidental concurrence of two independent plots, both resorted to from the principle of self-preservation, and having in view the same infernal object.

But the object, so far as concerned the baker and wool-spinner, had been too effectually attained. They had wished to excite suspicion against Nicholas, only with a view of gaining time to remove the corpse, and effacing the traces of the murder. Here and yonder nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder any more than she wasn't just like Nancy Cummins Ephraim Massey had used to go. Well, I wint no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath day, I sicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About mid-time off I put to Elthum Dole's Patience Dodge was a nice gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder any more than she wasn't just like Nancy Cummins Ephraim Massey had used to go. Well, I wint no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath day, I sicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About mid-time off I put to Elthum Dole's Patience Dodge was a nice gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder any more than she wasn't just like Nancy Cummins Ephraim Massey had used to go. Well, I wint no more to Nancy's.

They met; they consulted as to their plans.

A scheme occurred to them which promised to serve a double purpose—by which delay might be obtained for Nicholas, while at the same time it might be made the means of permanently ensuring their own safety. To resuscitate the murdered Corporal Rubler in another quarter, and to charge him with the guilt of the robbery, might serve both ends. It gave a chance of escape to Nicholas; it accounted for the disappearance of the corporal. Hence the letter which represented him as alive, as the perpetrator of the robbery, and a deserter flying to another country; which they thought would very naturally put a stop to all further inquiry after him.

But their plan was too finely spun, and the very precautions to which they had resorted, led, as sometimes happens, to discovery. If they had been satisfied to allow the proposed letter to be copied out by the wool-spinner's wife, as she offered, to be taken by her to Rotterdam, and put into the post, suspicion could not have been awakened against them. The handwriting of the woman, who had seldom occasion to use the pen, would have been unknown to the burgomaster or the court. The deaf and dumb youth, to whom they resorted as their copyist, betrayed them; step by step they were traced out—and, between fear and hope, a full confession was at last extorted from them.

The sentence of death was pronounced against the parties who had been concerned in the house-breaking as well as in the murder, and the execution of all of them, with the exception of the wool-spinner's wife, who died during her imprisonment. The wool-spinner alone exhibited any signs of penitence.

## MANAGEMENT OF LOVE AFFAIRS.

I've heard folks say that the wimmin was contrary. Well, they is a leetle so; but if you manage 'em right—hawl in here and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whup or spur, just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down at Elton, there was a good many fast-rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin to any of 'em till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty pretty darter. I said some of the gals was fast rate, but Nancy Cummins was first rate and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was somethin' jam about Nancy that they couldn't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once, he couldn't look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin to her right off, and we got thick as thieves. We used to go to the same meeting, and set in the same pew. It took me to find sarns and hims for her; and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; and then we mossey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper; and the way she could make jigga cakes, and the way I could slick 'em with my maces and put 'em away, was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil, tuss always gettin somethin nice for me. I was up to the hilt in love, and was going in for it like a locomotive. Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enough. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew, when she'd cum out she'd streak off with another shap, and I'd have me sicken' my fingers at the door. Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she just go to cuttin round with all the other fellers, just as if she cared nothin about me no more—none whatever.

I got considerably ticked—and thought I might as well come to the end of it at once; so down I went to have it out with her. There was a hull great of fillers there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in; then she got to talkin all manner of nonsense—said nothin to me, and named things of that kind. I tried to keep my darter down, but it wasn't any use—I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers; I sweat as if I had been thrashed. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could for I seed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strait to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I that gal is jest tryin to me; 'taint no use of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I do feel her out of that high grass, use me for sausage meat.

I heard tell of a boy wunce that got to skeel late one mornin; master sez—  
"You tarred sleepin' critter, what has kept you so late?"  
"Why," say the boy, "it's so overlastin' slippery out, I couldn't get plough, no how; every s'ry I took forward, I went two steps backward; and I couldn't have got her; at all, if I hadn't turned back to go 'tother way.'"  
Now that's jest my case. I have been puttin' after that gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go 'tother way—she's been sicken' in' of me, and now I'll sicken her. What's sars for the goose, is sars for the gander.

Well, I wint no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath day, I sicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About mid-time off I put to Elthum Dole's Patience Dodge was a nice gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder any more than she wasn't just like Nancy Cummins Ephraim Massey had used to go. Well, I wint no more to Nancy's.

When the celebrated Copenhagen Jackson was B. British Minister in this country, he resided in this city, and occupied a house on Broadway. One night, at a late hour, in company with a bevy of his rough riders, while passing the house noticed it was brilliantly illuminated and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hillo!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"  
One of the company remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.  
"What?" exclaimed Neil. "Jackson have a party and I not invited! I must see to that!"  
So stepping up to the hall, he gave such a ring as soon brought a servant to the door.

"I want to see the B. British Minister," said Neil.  
"You will have to come some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist and musn't be disturbed."  
"Don't talk to me that way," said McKinnon—but go directly and tell the British Minister I must see him immediately, on especial business."

The servant obeyed and delivered the message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business with me this time of night which is so very urgent?"  
"Are you Mr. Jackson," inquired Neil.  
"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."  
"The British Minister?"  
"Yes, sir, the British Minister."  
"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?"  
"Yes, sir, a large party."  
"Playing cards, I understand?"  
"Yes, sir, playing cards."  
"O well," said Neil, "as I was passing I merely called to enquire what was passing?"

going after her for good, and got as proud as a tame turkey.

One day Ephe cum down to our place looking as rathy as a militia officer on a trainin' day.

"Look here," says he, "Seth Stokes," as I called small clap of thunder, "I'll be darned."

"Hullo!" says I, "what's broke?"  
"Why," says he, "I came down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge. Here I've been courtin' ever since last year, and she was just as good as mine, till you cum a going after her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole."

"Well," says I, "what on earth are you talkin' about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal; but s'pose I had, there is nothin for you to get wolly about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, 'taint my fault; if I have taken a likin to her, 'taint her fault; and if we've taken a likin to each other, 'taint your fault; but I aint 't no mighty taken with her, and you may get her for all me; so you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin."

"Well," says he, "rather cooled down. I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or some such disease, and they were selling out the things—well, there was a thunderin' big chest of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; so I bought it, and thought I had made a speck; but when I came to look at 'em, there warn't nothin in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I gave for it. Well, when the chap that bought it tuk it home, he heard somethin' rattle—broke the old chest, and found lots of gold in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now, if I had tuk that chest home, I'd never found that money; or if I did, they'd all been counterfeited, and I'd been tuk up for passin on 'em. Well, I jest told Patience about it, and she rite up and called me a darned fool!"

"Well," says I, "Ephe, that is hard; but never mind that—jest go on—you can get her; and when you do get her you can file the rough edges off jest as you please."

That tickled him, it did, away he went a fittin' hole pleased.

Now, thinks I, it's time to look arter Nancy. Next day down I went; Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the Squire was in—she said he warn't.

"Cause," says I, "making believe I wanted him—our colt sprained his foot, and I cum to see if the Squire wunt lend me his mare to go to town."

She sed she guessed he would—better sit down till the Squire come in. Down I sot, she look so t' strange, and my heart felt queer all around the edges. After a while sez I:

"Are you going down to Betsy Mastin's quilting?"

She sed "I didn't know for sartin, are you goin'?"

"Sed I, "reckoned I would."

She sed, "I s'pose you'd take Patience Dodge?"

Sed I, "mout and agin mout not."

She sed, "I heard you're going to get married."

Sed I, "shouldn't wonder a bit—Patience is a nice gal."

I looked at her, I seed the tears comin'.

S-s-I, "may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid."

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet.

"Seth Stokes," ses she, and she couldn't say any more, she was so full.

"No," ses she, and she burst rite out.

"Well then," ses I, "if you won't be bridesmaid, will you be bride?"

She looked at me—I swan to man I never seed anything so awful pretty—I took rite hold of her hand.

"Yes or no" ses I, "rite off."

"Yes," ses she.

"That's your sort," ses I, and I gave her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the Squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

The following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, told by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Post, surpusses in coolness and impudence anything within our recollection. Read it and speak for yourself, good reader.

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## A SHAVE.

A Kentucky friend some years since related to us the following anecdote as having actually occurred in that State:

There was a rascally sort of fellow, named Peter Russel, usually called Pete Russel, who owned a good deal of property, and therefore had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers.

On one occasion he went to a certain accommodating friend to borrow two thousand dollars. "Yes," said his friend; "Pete, I will lend you the two thousand dollars, and with interest too, if you will give me your bill for the amount on London."

"Oh, no," replied Pete, "I can't stand that. If I give you a bill on London, the thing will be back on me here, under protest, in 4 months at farthest, and then I must pay the amount and twenty per cent damages. That's too deep a dig."

"Well," said Shyllock, "that is cutting it rather fat, I acknowledge; but I will tell you, Pete, what I will do—I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars, and pay you for it two thousand two hundred, and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund the two thousand dollars, and twenty per cent damages, making two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars."

"Agreed," said Pete; "I am willing to stand that."

So down they sat to prepare the documents. "But who shall I draw upon in London?" said Pete. "I do not know a living soul there."

"It is perfectly immaterial whom you draw upon," said his friend. "So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw upon the town pump."

"By Jove," said Pete, "I have it. I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford."

It will be recollected that the family name of his Grace is Russel, and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he was descended from the same stock. So Pete "let fly his kite" for two thousand dollars on his Grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London, to be presented to his Grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer. One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table of the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

"And who," said his Grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, "is this Peter Russel, that is drawing a sum for two thousand dollars? I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so."

"I am equally ignorant, your Grace," said the steward. "I know nothing of him."

"Well," said his Grace, after musing a moment, "it is very probable, now, that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off there to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress. The amount is but a trifle, let the bill be paid—and paid it was."

In due course of time, Peter's friend got back two thousand dollars, less brokers' commissions, and without interest, for two thousand two hundred he had paid Pete some m m's previous.

It was a regular shave, only the shaver became the shaven.

Our friend, from whom we had the story, said he never had a d whether Pete ever received the operation.

We can only add, that we have often wished we had such a cousin in London.

## THE THINGS STOLEN FROM UCLE SAM.

The Brooklyn Eagle says "the robbery committed on Uncle Sam at Washington will deprive him of some of his valuable finery. The articles were taken in the night from the national gallery in the Patent office."

The gold snuff box was presented to the Hon. Leavitt Harris, our Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, by the Emperor Alexander. The lid was beautifully adorned with the letter A, composed of diamonds. In the case, with this article were the sword and gold scabbard presented to Commodore Biddle by the Viceroy of Peru. The scabbard only was taken. The pearl necklace, two large pearls, and bottle of otto of roses; (from the Iman of Muscat, to President Van Buren), and the medals, were estimated to be worth \$15,000.

The following is a list of the articles taken: One gold snuff box set with diamonds, valued at \$6,000; one gold scabbard of a sword, presented to Commodore Biddle. The sword and scabbard together are worth about \$3,500. The sword; however, was left. One pint bottle of the otto of roses, three times the value of gold; one pearl necklace; two extra large pearls (inside the gold box); one sword with diamond hilt; one scabbard and sword presented to Commodore Elliott; one gold medal struck by order of the Senate of Hamburg at the centennial commencement of the establishment of their Constitution; one silver medal, duplicate of the above; one gold medal commemorative of the delivery from assassination of General Bolivar; one gold medal struck in Peru in 1821; one gold medal of Napoleon; silver medals of Napoleon, silver dollars of Rio de la Plata, 1813; Roman gold coins; twenty-one medals of copper and silver, of Generals Wayne, Green, and others."

A man in an Eastern city, somewhat noted for wrestling, sparring, and kindred physical feats, having been persuaded to enter a church on the Sabbath, and "sit out" a long doctrinal discourse, was asked, on retiring after the service, what he thought of the sermon?

"Think?" said he; "why, if I couldn't preach a better sermon than that, with one hand tied behind me, you can take my hat!"

A fiery nose individual who stood six feet four in his stockings, started to a banker that he was "every inch a whig."

"All but your nose," replied the latter.

"And why not your nose?"

"Because, if that was to get among a lot of hay, it might prove to be a Barn burner."